

## Scena Secunda.

Drums: Flourish, and Colours.

Enter Richard, Aumerle, Carlisle, and Souldiers.

Rich. Barkloughly Castle call you this at hand?

Aum. Yea, my Lord: how brooks your Grace the ayre,  
After your late tossing on the breaking Seas?

Rich. Needs must I like it well: I weepe for ioy  
To stand vpon my Kingdome once againe.  
Deere Earth, I doe salute thee with my hand,  
Though Rebels wound thee with their Horses hooves:  
As a long parted Mother with her Child,  
Playes fondly with her teares, and smiles in meeting;  
So weeping, smiling, greet I thee my Earth,  
And doe thee fauor with my Royall hands.  
Feed not thy Soueraignes Foe, my gentle Earth,  
Nor with thy Sweetes, comfort his rauensome fence:  
But let thy Spiders, that suck vp thy Venome,  
And heauie-gated Toades lye in their way,  
Doing annoyance to the trecherous feete,  
Which with vsurping steps doe trample thee.  
Yeeld stinging Nettles to mine Enemies;  
And when they from thy Bosome pluck a Flower,  
Guard it I prethee with a lurking Adder,  
Whose double tongue may with a mortall touch  
Throw death vpon thy Soueraignes Enemies.  
Mock not my fencelesse Comuraton, Lords;  
This Earth shall haue a feeling, and these Stones  
Proue armed Souldiers, ere her Native King  
Shall falter vnder foule Rebellious Armes.

Car. Feare not my Lord, that Power that made you King  
Hath power to keepe you King, in spite of all.Aum. He meanes, my Lord, that we are too remisse,  
Whilest Bullingbrooke through our securitie,  
Growes strong and great, in substance and in friends.

Rich. Discomfortable Cousin, knowest thou not,  
That when the searching Eye of Heauen is hid  
Behind the Globe, that lights the lower World,  
Then Theeves and Robbers raunge abroad vnteeue,  
In Murthers and in Out-rage bloody here:  
But which from ynder this Terrestrial Ball  
He fires the prowd tops of the Easterne Pines,  
And darts his Lightning through eu'ry guiltie hole,  
Then Marthers, Treasons, and detested sinnes  
(The Cloake of Night being pluckt from off their backs)  
Stand bare and naked, trembling at themselves.  
So when this Theefe, this Traytor Bullingbrooke,  
Who all this while hath reuell'd in the Night,  
Shall see vs rising in our Throne, the East,  
His Treasons will sit blushing in his face,  
Not able to endure the sight of Day;  
But selfe-affrighted, tremble at his sinne.  
Not all the Water in the rough rude Sea  
Can wash the Balme from an anoynted King;  
The breath of worldly men cannot depose  
The Deputie elected by the Lord:  
For euery man that Bullingbrooke hath prest,  
To lift shrewd Steele against our Golden Crowne,  
Heauen for his Richard hath in heauenly pay

A glorious Angell: then if Angels fight,  
Weake men must fall, for Heauen still guards the right.

Enter Salisbury.

Welcome my Lord, how farre off lyes your Power?  
Salisb. Nor neere, nor farther off, my gracious Lord,  
Then this weake arme; discomfort guides my tongue,  
And bids me speake of nothing but despaire:  
One day, too late, I feare (my Noble Lord)  
Hath clouded all thy happie dayes on Earth:  
Oh call backe Yesterday, bid Time returne,  
And thou shalt haue twelue thousand fighting men:  
To day, to day, yn happie day too late  
Orethrowes thy loyes, Friends, Fortune, and thy State;  
For all the Welchmen hearing thou wert dead,  
Are gone to Bullingbrooke, disperst, and fled.

Aum. Comfort my Liege, why lookes your Grace so  
pale?  
Rich. But now the blood of twentie thousand men  
Did triumph in my face, and they are fled,  
And till so much blood thither come againe,  
Haue I not reason to looke pale, and dead?

All Soules that will be safe, flye from my side,  
For Time hath set a blot vpon my pride,  
Aum. Comfort my Liege, remember who you are.  
Rich. I had forgot my selfe. Am I not King?

Awake thou sluggard Maiestie, thou sleepest:  
Is not the Kings Name fortie thousand Names?  
Arme, arme my Name: a punie subiect strikes  
At thy great glory. Looke not to the ground,  
Ye Favorites of a King: are wee not high?  
High be our thoughts: I know my Vnckle York  
Hath Power enough to serue our turne.  
But who comes here?

Enter Scroope.

Scroope. More health and happinesse betide my Liege,  
Then can my care-tun'd tongue deliuer him.

Rich. Mine care is open, and my heart prepar'd:  
The worst is worldly losse, thou canst vnfold:  
Say, Is my Kingdome lost? why 'twas my Care:  
And what losse is it to be rid of Care?

Strives Bullingbrooke to be as Great as wee?  
Greater he shall not be: If hee serue God,  
Wee'l serue him too, and be his Fellow so.  
Reuolt our Subiects? That we cannot mend,  
They breake their Faith to God, as well as vs:  
Cry Woe, Destruction, Ruine, Losse, Decay,  
The worst is Death, and Death will haue his day.

Scroope. Glad am I, that your Highnesse is so arm'd  
To beare the tidings of Calamitie.

Like an vnseasonable stormie day,  
Which make the Silder Riuer drowne their Shores,  
As if the World were all dissolud to teares:  
So high, above his Limits, swells the Rage  
Of Bullingbrooke, couering your fearefull Land  
With hard bright Steele, and hearts harder then Steele:  
White Beares haue arm'd their thin and hairelesse Scalps  
Against thy Maiestie, and Boyes with Womens Voyces,  
Striue to speake bigge, and clap their female joints  
In stiffe vnwieldie Armes: against thy Crowne  
Thy very Beads-men learne to bend their Bowes  
Of double fatall Eugh: against thy State  
Yea Distaffe: Women manage rustie Bills:  
Against thy Seat both young and old rebell,  
And all goes worse then I haue power to tell.

Rich. Too well, too well thou tell'st a Tale so ill.  
Where is the Earle of Wiltshire? where is Bagot?  
What is become of Bushie? where is Greene?

That they haue let the dangerous Enemie  
Measure our Confinnes with such peacefull steps?  
If we preuaile, their heads shall pay for it.  
I warrant they haue made peace with Bullingbrooke.  
Scroope. Peace haue they made with him indeede (my  
Lord.)

Rich. Oh Villains, Vipers, damnd without redemption,  
Dogges, easily wooon to fawne on any man,  
Snakes in my heart blood warm'd, that sting my heart,  
Three Iudas'es, each one thrice worse then Iudas,  
Would they make peace? terrible Hell make warre  
Vpon their spotted Soules for this Offence.

Scroope. Sweet Loue (I see) changing his propertie,  
Turnes to the lowrest, and most deadly hate:  
Again vncurse their Soules; their peace is made  
With Heads, and not with Hands: those whom you curse  
Haue felt the worst of Deaths destroying hand,  
And lye full low, graud in the hollow ground.

Aum. Is Bushie, Greene, and the Earle of Wiltshire  
dead?

Scroope. Yea, all of them at Bristow lost their heads.  
Aum. Where is the Duke my Father with his Power?

Rich. No matter where; of comfort no man speake:  
Let's talke of Graues, of Wormes, and Epitaphs,  
Make Dust our Paper, and with Raynie eyes  
Write Sorrow on the Bosome of the Earth.  
Let's chuse Executors, and talke of Wills:  
And yet not so; for what can we bequeath,  
Saue our deposed bodies to the ground?

Our Lands, our Liues, and all are Bullingbrookes,  
And nothing can we call our owne, but Death,  
And that small Modell of the barren Earth,  
Which serues as Paste, and Couer to our Bones:  
For Heauens sake let vs sit vpon the ground,  
And tell sad stories of the death of Kings:

How some haue been depos'd, some slaine in warre,  
Some haunted by the Ghosts they haue depos'd,  
Some payson'd by their Wiues, some sleeping kill'd,  
All murder'd. For within the hollow Crowne  
That rounds the mortall Temples of a King,  
Keepes Death his Court, and there the Antique sits  
Scoffing his State, and grinning at his Pompe,  
Allowing him a breath, a little Scene,  
To Monarchize, be fear'd, and kill with lookes,  
Infusing him with selfe and vaine conceit,  
As if this Flesh, which walls about our Life,  
Were Brasse impregnable: and humor'd thus,  
Comes at the last, and with a little Pinne  
Bores through his Castle Walls, and farwell King,  
Couer your heads, and mock not flesh and blood  
With solemne Reuerence: throw away Respect,  
Tradition, Forme, and Ceremonious durie,  
For you haue but mistooke me all this while:  
I liue with Bread like you, feeble Want,  
Taste Griefe, need Friends: subiected thus,  
How can you say to me, I am a King?

Carl. My Lord, wise men ne're waile their present woes,  
But presently prevent the wayes to waile:  
To feare the Foe, since feare oppresseth strength,  
Giues in your weaknesse, strength vnto your Foe;  
Feare, and be slaine, no worse can come to fight,  
And fight and die, is death destroying death,  
Where fearing, dying, payes death seruile breath.

Aum. My Father hath a Power, enquire of him,  
And learne to make a Body of a Limbe.

Rich. Thou chid'st me well: proud Bullingbrooke I come

To change Blow  
This ague fit of f  
An easie taske i  
Say Scroope, whe  
Speake sweetly m  
Scroope. Men

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So may you by n  
My Tongue hath  
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To lengthen out  
Your Vnckle York  
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Rich. Thou h  
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What say you no  
By Heauen Ile ha  
That bids me be  
Goe to Flint Caf  
A King, Woes fl  
That Power I ha  
To eare the Land  
For I haue none.  
To alter this, for  
Aum. My Li

Rich. He doe  
That wounds me  
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